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AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

"Till that little, and that little well"

Great God of Eden! 'Twas thy hand
That first clad earth in bloom,
And shed upon a smiling land
Nature's first perfume.
Fragrant from thy glances the flowers sprang,
Kissed by the sun's first rays—
While plain and hill and valley rang
With life and joy and praise.

God of the Clouds! Thy hand can open
The fountains of the sky,
And on the expectant thirsty crop
Pour down the rich supply.
The farmer, when the seed time's o'er,
Joys in the mercies given;
Thinks on thy promised harvest's store,
And, smiling, looks to heaven.

God of the Sheaf! To thee alone
Are due our thanks and praise—
When harvest's grateful labor's done,
On plenty glad we gaze.
Thou shalt our hearts on heaven rest,
Thy grace we will adore,
And thank that God whose mercies bless
Our basket and our store.

From Charles O'Malley.

Major Monsoon Surprised.

The Major filled up his glass, drew a
little closer to the fire, and began:
"When the French troops under La-
borde were marching upon Alcobaca, in
concert with Loison's corps, I am or-
dered to convey a very valuable present
of sherry, the Duc d'Albuquerque was
making to the Supreme Junta,—no less
than ten hogheads of the best sherry the
royal cellars of Madrid had formerly con-
tained."

"It was stored in the Vincente convent;
and the Junta, knowing a little about
monkish tastes and the wants of the
church, prudently thought it would be
quite as well at Lisbon. I was accord-
ingly ordered, with a sufficient force to
provide for its safe conduct and secure ar-
rival, and set out upon my march one
lovely morning in April with my precious
convoy."

"I don't know, I never could under-
stand why temptations are thrown in our
way in this life, except for the pleasure
of yielding to them. As for me, I'm a
stoic when there's nothing to be had; but
let me get a scent of a well kept haunch,
the odor of wine bin once in my nose, I
forget every thing except appropriation.
That bone smelt deliciously, Charley: a
little garlic would improve it vastly."

"Our road lay through cross paths and
mountain tracks, for the French were
scouring the country on every side, and
my fellows, only twenty altogether, trem-
bled at the very name of them, so that our
only chance was to avoid falling in with
any forage parties. We journeyed along
for several days, rarely making more than
a few leagues between sunrise and sun-
set, a scout always in advance to assure
us that all was safe. The road was a
lonely one, and the way weary—for I
had no one to speak to or converse with—
so I fell into a kind of musing fit about
the old wine in the great brown casks;
I thought on its luscious flavor, its rich
straw color, its oily look as it flowed in-
to the glass, and mellow after-taste, warm-
ing the heart as it went down, and I ab-
solutely thought I could smell it through
the casks."

"How I longed to broach one of them,
if it were only to see if my dreams about
it were correct; may be it's brown sherry,
thought I, and I am all wrong. This
was a very distressing reflection: I men-
tioned it to the Portuguese intendante,
who travelled with us as a kind of super-
cargo; but the villain only grinned, and
said something about the Junta and the
galleys for life; so I did not recur to it

afterwards. Well, it was upon the third
evening of our march, that the scout re-
ported that at Merida, about a league dis-
tant, we had fallen in with an English en-
cavalry regiment who were on their march
to the northern provinces, and remaining
that night in the village. As soon, there-
fore, as I had made all my arrangements
for the night, I took a fresh horse, and
cantered over to have a look at my coun-
trymen, and to hear the news. When I
arrived it was dark night; but I was not
long in finding out our fellows: they
were the 11th Light Dragoons, command-
ed by my friend Bowes, and with us jolly
a mess as is in the service."

Before half an hour's time I was in the
midst of them, hearing all about the cam-
paign, and telling them in turn about my
convoy—dilating upon the qualities of the
wine as if I had been drinking it every
day at dinner.

We had a very mellow night of it, and
before four o'clock the senior major and
four captains were under the table, and all
the subs in a state unprovided for by the
articles of war. So I thought I'd be go-
ing, and wishing the sober ones a good
bye, sat out on my road to join my own
party."

I had not gone over a hundred yards,
when I heard some one running after me,
and calling out my name.

"I say, Monsoon, Major, confound you,
pull up."

"Well, what's the matter? has any more
luscious turned up?" inquired I; for we
had drunk the tap dry when I left.

"Not a drop, old fellow," said he; "but
I was thinking of what you've been say-
ing about that sherry."

"Well! what then?"

"Why, I want to know how we could
get a taste of it?"

"You had better get elected one of the
Cortes," said I, laughing; "for it does not
seem likely you'll do so in any other
way."

"I'm not so sure of that," said he, smil-
ing. "What road do you travel to-mor-
row?"

"By Cavallos and Reina."

"Whereabouts may you happen to be
towards sunset?"

"I fear we shall be in the mountains,"
said I, with a knowing look, "where am-
bushes and surprise parties would be
highly dangerous."

"And your party consists of—?"

"About twenty Portuguese, all ready to
run at the first shot."

"I'll do it, Monsoon! I'll be hanged if
I don't."

"But Tom," said I, "don't make any
blunder; only blank cartridges, my boy."

"Honor bright!" cried he; "your fel-
lows are armed of course!"

"Never think of that; they may shoot
one another in the confusion; but if you
only make plenty of noise in coming on,
they'll never wait for you!"

"What capital fellows they must be!"

"Crack troops, Tom; so don't hurt
them; and now good night!"

As I cantered off, I began to think of
O'Flaherty's idea, and, upon my life, I
didn't half like it; he was a reckless, de-
vil-may-care fellow, and it was just as
likely he would really put his scheme in-
to practice."

When morning broke, however, we got
under way again, and I amused myself all
the forenoon in detailing stories of French
cruelty; so that, before we marched ten
miles, there was not a man amongst us
not ready to run at the slightest sound of
attack on any side. As evening was fall-
ing we reached Morento, a little mountain
pass which follows the course of the river,
and where, in many places, the mule
carts had barely space enough to pass be-
tween the cliffs and the stream. What a
place for Tom O'Flaherty and his for-
gers! thought I, as we entered the little
mountain gorge; but all was silent as the
grave; except the tramp of our party, not
a sound was heard.—There was some-
thing solemn and still in the great brown
mountain, rising like vast walls on either
side with a narrow streak of gray sky at
top, and in the dark, sluggish stream, that
seemed to awe us, and no one spoke; the
muleteer ceased his merry song, and did
not crack or flourish his long whip as be-
fore but chid his beasts in a half muffled
voice, and urged them faster to reach the
village before night fell.

Egad, somehow I felt uncommonly un-
comfortable; I could not divest my mind
of the impression that some disaster was
impending, and wished O'Flaherty and
his project in a very warm climate. He'll
attack us, thought I, where we can't run;
fair play forever; but, if they are not able
to get away, even the militia will fight.

However, the evening crept on, and no
sign of his coming appeared on any side,
and, to my sincere satisfaction, I could
see half a league distant, the twinkling
light of the little village where we were
to halt for the night. It was just at this

time that a scout I had sent out some few
hundred yards in advance came galloping
up almost breathless.

"The French, captain; the French are
upon us," said he, with a face like a
ghost."

"Whew! Which way? How many?"
said I, not at all sure that he might not be
telling the truth.

"Coming in force!" said the fellow:
"Dragoons! by this road."

"Dragoons! By this road?" repeated
every man of the party, looking at each
other like men sentenced to be hanged."

Scarcely had they spoken when we
heard the distant noise of cavalry advanc-
ing at a brisk trot. Lord, what a scene
ensued! the soldiers ran hither and thither
like frightened sheep; some pulled out
crucifixes and began to say their pray-
ers; others fired off their muskets in a
panic; the mule drivers cut their traces,
and endeavored to get away by riding;
and the intendante took to his heels, screa-
ming out to us as he went, to fight man-
fully to the last, and that he would report
us favorably to the Junta."

Just at this moment the dragoons came
in sight: they came galloping up, shout-
ing like madmen. One look was enough
for my fellows: they sprang to their legs
from their devotions, fired a volley straight
up at the new moon, and ran like men."

I was knocked down in the rush: as I
regained my legs, Tom O'Flaherty was
standing beside me, laughing like mad."

"Eh, Monsoon, I've kept my word, old
fellow! What legs they have! We shall
make no prisoners, that's certain. Now,
lads, here it is! Put the horses to—here,
we shall take but one, Monsoon, so that
your gallant defence of the rest will please
the Junta. Good night, good night; I'll
drink your health every night these two
months."

So saying, Tom sprang to his saddle,
and in less time than I've been telling it,
the whole was over, and I sitting by my-
self in the gray moonlight, meditating on
what I saw, and now and then shouting
for my Portuguese friends to come back
again. They came in time by twos and
threes, and at last the whole party reas-
sembled, and we set forth again—every
man from the intendante to the drummer,
lauding my valor, and saying that Don
Monsoon was a match for the Cid."

"And how did the Junta behave?"

"Like troops, Charley. Made me a
knight of Bataiba, and kissed me on both
cheeks, having sent twelve dozen of the
reserved wine to my quarters, as a small
testimony of their esteem."

Crowning the Wicked.

Not many years ago, it happened that
a young man from New York visited
London. His father being connected
with several of the magnates of the British
aristocracy, the young American was
introduced into the fashionable circles of
the metropolis, where, in consequence of
his very fine personal appearance, or that
his father was reported to be very rich,
or that he was a new figure, on the stage,
he attracted much attention, and became
quite the favorite of the ladies. This
was not at all relished by the British
beau, but as no very fair pretext offered
for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat
him civilly. Thus matters stood when
the Hon. Mr. M. P. and lady made a
party to accompany them to their country
seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American
was among the invited guests. Num-
bers were the devices to which those dis-
ciples of pleasure resorted in order to kill
that old fellow who will measure his
hours, when he ought to know they are
not wanted, and the ingenuity of every
one was taxed to remember or invent
something novel.

The yankees are proverbially ready of
invention, and the American did honor
to his character as a man accustomed to
freedom of thought. He was frank and
gay, and entered into the sports and
amusements with that unaffected enjoy-
ment which communicated a part of his
fresh feelings to the most worn out fash-
ionists in the party. His good nature
would have been sneered at by some of
the proud cavaliers, had he not been such
a capital shot, and he might have been
quizzed had not the ladies won by his
constant attention in the drawing room
and saloon, always showed themselves
his friends. But a combination was at
last formed among a trio of dandies,
stanch patrons of the Quarterly, to anni-
hilate the American. They proposed to
vary the eternal evening waltzing and
piping, by the acting of charades, and
playing various games, and having inter-
ested one of those indefatigable ladies,
who always carry their point in the
scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After a few charades had been disposed
of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to
propose the game called "Crowning the
wicked." This is played by selecting a
judge of the game, and three persons,

either ladies or gentlemen, who are to
contest for the crown by answering suc-
cessively the various questions which the
rest of the party are at liberty to ask.
The one who is declared to have been the
readiest and happiest in his answers re-
ceives the crown.

Our American, much against his in-
clination, was chosen among the three can-
didates. He was aware that his position,
the society with which he was mingling,
required of him the ability to sustain
himself. He was to be sure treated with
distinguished attention by his host and
hostess, and generally by the party, but
this was a favor to the individual, and not
one of the company understood the char-
acter of republicans or appreciated the
repulsive. The three worthies had ar-
ranged that their turn for him should fall
in succession and be the last. The first
one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air
of most ineffable condescension put his
question.

"If I understand rightly the govern-
ment of your country, you acknowledge
no distinctions of rank, consequently you
can have no court standard for the man-
ners of a gentleman, you will favor me
with information where your best school
of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the Amer-
ican smiling, calmly, "I would recom-
mend the Falls of Niagara—a contempla-
tion of that stupendous wonder teaches
humility to the proudest, and human
nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes
the titler and arouses the most stupid;
in short, it turns men from their idols;
and when we acknowledge that God only
is Lord, we feel that men are our equals.
A true christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audi-
ence, but whether applause or censure
the American could not determine, as he
did not choose to betray any anxiety for
the result by scrutiny of the faces which
he knew were bent on him.

The second now prepared his question.
He affected to be a great politician, was
unmistaken and whiskered like a diplo-
matist, which station he had been covet-
ing. His voice was bland, but his em-
phasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what
subject with which I am conversant would
most interest your people, and give me
an opportunity of enjoying their conver-
sation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at
present, that a monarchy is the wisest,
the purest, the best government, which
the skill of man ever devised, and that
a democracy is utterly barbarous. My
countrymen are proverbially fond of argu-
ment, and will meet you on both these
questions, and if you choose, argue with
you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still
without any decided expression of the
feeling with which his answer had been
received.

The third then rose from his seat, and
with an assured voice, which seemed to
announce a certain triumph, said:

"I require your decision on a delicate
question, but the rules of the game re-
sist for it also a candid answer. You
have seen the American and the English
ladies, which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around
the circle. It was bright with flashing
eyes, and the sweet smile which wreathed
about a lovely lip, might have won a less
determined patriot from his allegiance.
He did not hesitate, though he bowed
low to the ladies as he answered:

"The standard of female beauty is, I
believe, allowed to be the power of ex-
citing admiration and love in our sex, con-
sequently those ladies who are most
admired and beloved and respected by the
gentlemen must be the fairest. Now I
assert confidently, that there is not a
man on earth where woman is so truly
beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respect-
fully treated, as in the republic of the
United States, therefore, the American
ladies are the fairest. But," and he again
bowed low, "if the ladies before whom
I have now the honor of expressing my
opinion, were in my country, we should
think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic; after
the mirth had subsided so as to allow the
judge to be heard, he directed the crown
to the Yankee.

A Dark Heirloom—An Extract.

Gloom was upon her countenance and
upon his. The man whose holy office it
was to unite them in bonds never to be
torn asunder, stood like an executioner
before bride and bridegroom, and they,
the pair waiting to be blessedly bent
down their heads like criminals before
him. In vain might the eye wander
round that assembly in search of some-
thing upon a single countenance—all was
dreary black, and assistants as well as
attendants at the ceremony were alike
shrouded in one dark overshadowing pall

of rayless gloom. Ah, joyful ever should
be the linking of young hearts together,
and heavy must be the fate awaiting
those around whom the shadows of fate
are gathering, even at that threshold
which should blaze in all the gorgeous
colorings of hope and promise! Yet the
same sombre shade—the same gloomy
hue—the death of darkness was seated
upon every feature.

No sudden blushing of the rose, no
swift succeeding of the lily, no field
change, telling of youthful passion and
warm hope, was seen in that bride's
check; but one unvarying shade of fu-
neral gloom possessed the maid, posses-
sed the preacher; in fact they were all
possessed. — Reader, that was DAR-
KNESS!!!

False Pride.

Look back twenty or thirty years, be-
hold the harp-tongued adventurer, at the
present time rolling in wealth, or spend-
ing his annual income of some three
thousand dollars per annum, in manufac-
turing ladies of his daughters! Does he
touch them the usual rudiments of house-
wifery? Very rarely. Is it because the
heathen exercise of domestic duties is
disgraceful? O no! False pride says,
"it would be ungracious for ladies to work"
—as if it would tarnish the fair and deli-
cate fingers that bring such sweet sounds
from the piano, to dust the gorgeous
instrument itself.

How supremely ridiculous is this fla-
gellated pride! Thousands of daughters,
whose mothers have been raised in a
kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable,
would feel insulted, if asked if they
had ever made a loaf of bread or washed
a pocket handkerchief. They would
more likely prize about good society,
good company, and the dignity of their
ancestors! A few years roll around and
the thrifty and independent parent dies;
and then comes the scramble for some
ten or twelve divisions of his hard earned
estate. How small does a large fortune
appear when appropriated to numerous
heirs! The daughters must of course
marry gentlemen—made dainties it; and
the gentlemen must of course squander
their patrimony. And what his the re-
sult? Hequeathed to society and his country?
Children raised in idleness; without the
stimulant to add one iota to the general
substantial prosperity of the community.

Can there be a doubt but that honest labor
is becoming daily more and more depre-
ciated? A growing ignorance from the
cellar to the garret. A spirit of extravagance
in which the most repugnant
manners are resorted to. Let a peasant
with the same rapid march which some-
times meets, and it will be a sign to him
confronted by the recent of your lives?

Is not the country—the farmer with the
same portion that flows through the popu-
lation of these cities, and you make the
country of Franklin a parallel to that of
Manzanilla?

Revolutionary Incident.

While the two armies lay for some
weeks within twelve miles of each
other before the Jerseys in rather an in-
active state, the British on a large flat
and the Americans on the high ground, Gen.
Patterson, of Gen. Washington re-
quested to let him go out and fight the
next evening. Washington in length con-
sidered, provided he'd do just as he told
him. Patterson promised to obey. Wash-
ington ordered him to pick out 3000
troops, to post 1000 in ambush in a wood
on each side of the road near the top of
the hill, and with the other 2000 go
down and close the British up, but to
wait to give battle until they should pass
the hill. The troops were arranged ac-
cordingly, and "Old Pat" upon his gray
horse, brandishing his long heavy broad-
sword, displayed his 2000 men back and
forward upon the hill-tops: of the
British, with the hope of drawing them
out, but could not succeed. "Gods call
on us, boys, we must go down and kill
'em. From platoon, forward! They
were met by the British and a skir-
mish ensued. Patterson found his engagement
with Washington, and he was soon re-
lieved by a messenger from Washington
himself to order a retreat.—He retraced
up the hill, the British in close pursuit, all
the anxious crew, when Patterson faced
about, and the order was given, "Charge
forward!" "Old Pat" crying out, "Kill 'em
like rotten sheep!" The British wheeled
and fled and Patterson after them, until his
horse was actually reared about by his
aid.—*Amherst Boston.*

The Fate of Genius.

"Gee," said a negro bent-back yester-
day to a brother knight of the trash,
as they took shelter from a shower in the
entrance to the St. Charles hotel.—"Gee,
'bidern' you and I is a brilliant pair ob
kneeters, we doesn't appen to rise to any
'n'ence;—here is I dat neber ches en-

ried brick up to a two story buildin' yet."

"Why Cuff," said Caesar, "you, like
myself, is libin' 'bustation ob neglected
genius. Gosh, I L'ieve what massa
said when he war turned out ob de cus'om
house, is true is prechin'—he said, Cuff,
dat 'pudlies war ungrateful."

"Wal, I's synonymous ob de same
'pinion," said Cuffie; and the men of
brilliant parts separated.—N. O. Pic.

William Penn.

A man is said to be now living in Bucks
county, Pa., by the name of Preston,
whose grandmother died in the year 1774,
and had seen William Penn when he first
landed at or near where Philadelphia now
stands. He stated that his grandmother
informed him that when the ship in which
Governor Penn sailed came up the Nesa-
munny, on his arrival he was met by the
Indians, and the men struck the trees of
Perele's hill at the (present) Navy Yard.
She said that the white people had pre-
pared the best entertainment they could
for the Governor and his family; the In-
dians had done the same. William Penn
walked with the Indians and sat down
with them on the ground, and ate with
them, roasted acorns and hominy, that
pleased them so much that they began to
show how they could hop and jump;
that William Penn stepped up and beat
them all. Such was compliance won
and secured their friendship and affection
for him during his life.—*American Ma-
gazine, 1835.*

Good Advice.

Don't let small affairs bother you.
There is no use in crying for spilt milk.

If a friend prove treacherous, you have
a display of human nature; if your mis-
takes is false to you, there is another fact
in our philosophy of humanity, and just
consider how monotonous the world
would be if every thing in life went on
smoothly.

Reflect that were all mankind good,
true, kind, generous, noble, and disinte-
rested, these words would have no mean-
ing. How stupid it would be in man to
praise virtue, were there no such thing as
vice; how absurd to talk of constancy,
were fickleness not known; and who
would ever prize truth, honor, generosi-
ty, were there no falsehood, meanness, or
avarice?

Were there no suffering, where would
be compassion, pity, and condolence?
Were there no oppression and distress,
what need of philanthropy? Thus the
highest virtues of humanity depend upon
the vices and miseries of which we com-
plain. So the very springs of happiness
spring from misery, and from the bad comes
the good.

Be content, then. Look and labor for
the best, but however small and patiently the
worst. This is true philosophy, and the
very best advice we can give.—*Sunday
Star.*

Yankee Ingenuity.

The Longbeard Review says that, on a trip to
Albany, he stayed all night at one of the
house near the river. He went to bed,
but was soon awakened by an army of
bed bugs, who made a fierce and simulta-
neous attack upon him; "front, flank, and
rear!" "Forward, like, he fled to the mid-
dle of the floor, and secured a blanket and
pillow, and huddled there for the re-
mains of the night. Here they charged
on him again and routed him completely.
He crawled finally for refuge, and begged
him to send him up a pint of molasses.
This was done—when his quiltship pro-
ceeded very deliberately to draw a circle
on the floor, with the molasses, about ten
feet in diameter. After shaking himself
thoroughly on the outside of his magic
ring, he ventured within it to sleep quietly
all next morning! This is probably
the way in which a traveller on retiring
to rest in the evening discovered a bed bug
on one corner of his fire place picking his
nail, with the poker."

Golden Showers.

Can any one calculate the amount of
wealth added to the nation by our recent
showers? Golden showers indeed. Right
pleasantly have they shed their genial
influence over all the land. The bright
sun most sometimes hide himself in misty
veils while the clouds pour down their
charming treasures on the thirsty earth.
Each hole plant, and leaf and flower and
blade of grass, has its share in its proper
season. No plant so small in all our
wide domain as to live without heaven's
kind remembrance.

Day by day we hear of some new mine
of wealth discovered, and then the press
discourse of it most eloquently. But our
passing showers we too often disregard,
though more valuable than ampler mine-
ral treasures.—*Phila. Gazette.*

A person marrying two wives is called a
bigamist, because he carries on a big
business.